

THE SHRINE OF WISDOM

VOL. IX. No. 36

SUMMER SOLSTICE 1928

PLOTINUS ON THE BEAUTIFUL

I. **B**EAUTY appeals mainly to the sight, but also to the hearing through compositions of words: it is also in all music, for both melodies and rhythms are beautiful. And if we ascend above sense-perception, there are beautiful pursuits, actions, and sciences, and the beauty of the virtues. Whether there is also a beauty beyond these will be shown. What therefore is it that makes bodies appear beautiful, that causes hearing to judge sounds beautiful, and that makes everything belonging to the soul beautiful in some way? Are all things beautiful through one and the same principle, or is the beauty in a body of one kind, but that in some other thing of another? And what is the nature of these principles or this principle?

For some things, such as bodies, are not beautiful through their essential attributes, but through participation in something else; but other things, such as virtue, are beautiful in themselves. Indeed, the same bodies appear at one time beautiful and at another not beautiful, as though their essential nature as bodies were of one kind, but as beautiful, of another. What, then, is it that, when present to bodies, makes them beautiful?—for this must be investigated at the outset. What is it that strikes the vision of the beholder, fixes his attention on itself, draws him, and fills him with delight at what he sees? For if we can find this we can perhaps use it as a ladder of ascent to other discoveries.

Most people say that a harmonious proportion of parts to each other and to the whole, with the addition of pleasing colouring, constitutes visual beauty, and that the beauty of

all things without exception consists in their being symmetrical and harmoniously proportioned. But it would necessarily follow from this that nothing simple, but only the composite, would be beautiful. Only the whole will be beautiful, the several parts will have no beauty of their own, but will be beautiful only as contributing to the beauty of the whole.

But it is necessary, if the whole is beautiful, for the parts also to be beautiful; for beauty cannot arise from ugly things but all its constituent elements must have their own beauty, too. It would follow, moreover, that beautiful colours, like the light of the sun, would, since they are simple and do not derive their beauty from symmetrical proportion, have to be excluded from the domain of beauty. How, if this argument held, could gold be beautiful, or lightning at midnight, or the spectacle of the stars? In like manner with sounds: those that are simple will have no beauty. Yet in songs which are beautiful in their entirety each single note has a beauty of its own. Furthermore, since, though the same proportion remains, the same face appears at one time beautiful and at another not, how can we avoid admitting that the beauty of that which is harmoniously proportioned is distinct from the harmony itself, and that the proportionate is beautiful through something else. But if attention is transferred to beautiful pursuits and discourses, and it is maintained that the beauty of these consists in their proportion—what is this proportion in beautiful pursuits, or laws, or studies, or sciences? For in what manner can speculations be proportional to each other? If it is replied: Because they harmonize with each other, what of the agreement and harmony between things which are evil? Were it maintained that temperance is folly and justice a generous weak-mindedness, these two propositions would harmonize and be consistent and mutually agree with each other. Furthermore, every virtue is a beauty of the soul, and a truer beauty than those we have discussed. How then can these have proportion? Certainly not in size or in quantity. And since the soul has various faculties, by what method of calculation can that assemblage or combination of faculties or of speculations which is beauty be determined? And lastly, what could be the nature of the beauty of intellect which is unitary and alone?

II.—We must go back again to our beginning and inquire what the beautiful in bodies really is. It is something which in its first appeal affects the senses, which the soul apprehends understandingly and embraces with recognition, being in some way assimilated to it. But on coming in contact with that which is ugly she recoils, and refuses and will have naught of it, as something inharmonious and of a nature foreign to her own. It must be therefore that since the soul's nature is what it is, and ranks among the highest essences in the order of things, when she sees something akin to herself or even a vestige of kinship, she rejoices and flutters her wings, and receives it within her, and remembers her true self and that which is hers. What, then, is the similitude between that which is beautiful here and that which is beautiful yonder; for if there is similitude they must be like? In virtue of what are things both here and yonder beautiful? We say things here are beautiful through their participation in form. For since everything formless is naturally capable of receiving shape and form, in so far as it does not participate in reason and form, it is ugly and apart from the Divine Reason; and it is in this that ugliness of every sort consists. The ugly is that which is not dominated by its form and reason, when its matter will not allow it to be completely moulded to its form. For when the form approaches the matter, it ordainates that which is to be combined into a unity out of a multitude of parts, and at the same time brings it into a single harmonious completion, and makes it one by virtue of its intrinsic agreement. For since the form is one, so, too, will that which is formed be one, as far as the multiplicity of its nature will permit. Beauty, then, is established in it when it is brought together into unity, and this beauty communicates itself both to the parts and to the whole. But when it encounters a unity the parts of which are alike, it pervades the whole uniformly; for example, sometimes it communicates itself to an entire building together with its parts, and sometimes art gives one kind of beauty to an individual stone and nature another. Thus body becomes beautiful through communion with the Divine Reason descending from above.

III.—The innate power of the soul which is especially concerned with beauty recognizes it, for nothing is more

capable of judging its own concerns, especially when the other faculties of the soul concur in its judgement. And perhaps this faculty pronounces by comparing the object with the form which the soul herself contains and using it as a basis for judging, as a rule is used to compare straightness.

But how does that which is of body accord with that which is beyond body? How does the architect compare the external house with the form of the house within himself and pronounce that it is beautiful? Perhaps because the outward building, with its stones taken away, is no other than the interior form divided externally throughout the bulk of the matter, and, though subsisting indivisibly, reflected in multitude,

Whenever, therefore, sense-perception beholds form binding and overcoming the contrary nature of the formless, and sees a form distinguishing itself from other forms by its grace, it collects it together from its dispersed condition in the material, abstracts it, compares it with the indivisible form which the soul has within herself, and presents it to this interior form as harmonious, concordant, and friendly with it.

So, too, evidences of virtue which are apparent in a youth are delightful to a virtuous man because they harmonize with the true virtue within him. But the beauty of colour is simple in respect of its form, and is victorious over the darkness of matter through the presence of light, which is incorporeal and of the nature of reason and form. It is because of this that fire is more beautiful than other bodies, because it has the relation of form to the other elements. Its region is the highest, and it is more subtle than the other bodies because it is nearer to the incorporeal. It alone is not interpenetrable by the other elements but itself interpenetrates them all. For it imparts heat to them but is not itself made cold. It is, moreover, the first nature which possesses colour, but other natures receive the form of their colour from it. It shines and gleams as though it were itself form. But when it does not dominate any body, so that the light in it becomes dim, that body is no longer beautiful because it does not participate in the whole form of the colour. As to sounds, the inner inaudible harmonies produce those which are audible, and cause the soul to receive a perception of beauty, exemplifying the same principle in another medium. For it is the property of audible harmonies

to be measured by numerical proportions, yet not by all of these but only by those which serve the purposes of musical composition and contribute to the victory of the form.

So much, then, with regard to the beauties of sense, which, proceeding into matter like images and shadows, adorn it and cause us wonder and delight by their appearance.

IV.—But, leaving sense perception below, let us ascend higher, and contemplate those beauties which are beyond and above, which the eye of sense can no longer behold, but which the soul without need of sense-organs beholds and pronounces beautiful. Just as we could never have described sensible beauties if we had never seen them nor recognized them as beautiful—for example, if we had been born blind, so neither can we describe the beauty of pursuits and sciences, and things of this kind unless we are ourselves intimately familiar with their beauty, nor speak of the beauty of virtue if we have never beheld how fair is the countenance of temperance and justice, more beautiful than the evening and the morning stars. But these can be seen only by that eye of the soul which beholds such beauties, and when we behold them we should be affected by delight, and astonishment, and by a fluttering of the soul's wings in a far greater degree than in the case of sensible beauties, for we have now reached true beauty. For the experiences which should be produced by that which is really beautiful are wonder, and sweet amazement, and desire, and a pleasant fluttering of the wings of the soul. And all souls, one might say, may be and are affected in this way by invisible beauties, but especially those which are of a most loving disposition; just as in the case of corporeal beauty, all behold it yet are not equally stirred by it, but especially those who are called "lovers."

V.—Let us now inquire of those who love beauties not perceptible to sense: In what manner are you affected by those pursuits which are called beautiful, by beautiful manners, self-controlled characters, and in fine by all virtuous works and dispositions, and the beauty of souls? What do you experience when you behold yourselves beautiful within, and by what are you aroused and inspired? Why do you desire to hold converse with your real selves, collecting yourselves together away from bodily distractions? For it is

thus that true lovers are affected. What is it that affects them thus? Not some shape or colour or size, but the soul herself, colourless, and possessing a wise temperance equally uncoloured; it is, too, the light of the other virtues, either when you behold them in yourselves or contemplate greatness of soul and a just character, pure temperance, and the manly countenance of fortitude in another, modesty and reverence proceeding serene, intrepid, and unperturbed, and, crowning all these, the god-like splendour of intellect. If, then, we love and cherish these, why do we call them beautiful? Beautiful they are and appear, and there is none who has ever beheld them but will say that such things are among those that truly ARE. Why, then, can it be said that they truly ARE? Because they are beautiful.

But reason still desires to know that by virtue of which they cause the soul to be beloved; and what is that which, like light, gleams out through all the virtues. Suppose we consider the opposite of these and compare with them that which is ugly in a soul. For to discover what ugliness is and why we speak of things as ugly will, perhaps, assist us in our search. Let us suppose an ugly soul, intemperate and unjust, teeming with a host of passions, full of tumult, a prey to fears because of her cowardice and to envy because of her meanness, with all her thought directed only to things mortal and low in the tortuous windings of her mind, longing for impure pleasures, living the life of the passions of the body and embracing her degradation as sweet. Shall we not say that baseness has invaded such a soul under the false appearance of beauty and has corrupted her, and rendered her impure and adulterated with much evil, so that she is no longer truly alive nor possessed of pure sense-perception; but, because of her admixture of evil she preserves but a flicker of life largely mingled with death, no longer beholding that which the soul ought to behold nor able any more to remain within herself, but continually dragged towards externality, descent, and darkness. Such a soul, I imagine, being unpurified and hurried hither and thither by the objects which assail her senses, and having much of the nature of body mingled with her, through associating too vehemently with matter and receiving it into herself, would change her form for another by mingling with an inferior nature. Just as one who wallowed in mire and slime would no longer

display the beauty which he had formerly, and would seem to be the mud and slime which clung to him. In this case, he derives his ugliness from the accession of something of a foreign nature and it will be necessary for him, if he is to be beautiful once more, to wash away his stains and purify himself, so as to become that which he was. If then we say that the soul becomes evil through stooping towards, and mingling and confusing herself with body and matter, we shall be right. Ugliness in the soul, therefore, consists in not being pure and unmixed, just as in gold it is caused by the mingling of particles of earth. If these are removed, the gold remains and is beautiful, for it is separated from that which was foreign, and subsists now in the simplicity of its own nature. In the same manner, the soul, separated from the desires which come to her through the body when she associates with it too vehemently, freed from the dominion of all other passions, and purified from the stains derived from her association with the body, remains by herself alone, and puts off all the ugliness which came to her from a nature foreign to her own.

VI.—For, as the ancient Oracle declares, temperance, fortitude and every virtue, aye, and wisdom herself, are purifications. Wherefore the sacred mysteries are right when they say enigmatically that he that is not purified shall, when he cometh to the House of Hades, lie in the mud. For, through their baseness, the filthy are friends of the mire, just as swine, whose bodies are unclean, delight to wallow in it.

For what is true temperance unless it be not to give oneself up to the pleasures of the body, and to flee from them as being neither pure nor belonging to that which is pure? And fortitude is not to fear death; and death is the separation of the soul from the body. He who desires to become alone will not fear this. Again, greatness of soul is contempt of mortal concerns, and wisdom is the exercise of intellect turned away from that which is below and leading the soul upward to the heights.

When therefore the soul is purified, she becomes form and reason, altogether incorporeal, intellectual, and wholly of the divine order whence is the fountain of beauty and all that is akin thereto.

The soul borne upwards towards intellect puts on a marvellous beauty. Intellect, and that which comes from intellect, is the beauty which truly belongs to her and is not foreign to her; because, when united to it, and then only, is she truly soul. Wherefore it is rightly said that the beauty and good of the soul consist in her assimilation to God; for it is thence that her beauty comes and the gift of a better lot than her present one. Moreover, beauty is that which has real being, but ugliness is the nature opposite to this. It is this that is the first evil; just as beauty is likewise the first of things beautiful and good. Or it may be that goodness and beauty are one and the same. Therefore, we must investigate the beautiful and good, and the ugly and evil, by the same process; and in the highest rank we must place the Beautiful Itself, which is also the Good Itself, of which Intellect is the immediate emanation and the first beautiful thing. But soul is beautiful through intellect, and other things are beautiful because they, in turn, are formed by the soul, whether it be in actions or in pursuits and studies. And as to bodies, when these are spoken of as beautiful, it is still the soul that makes them so; for she, as something divine, and as it were a portion of the Beautiful Itself, makes beautiful, in so far as its nature will permit, all that she touches and overcomes.

VII.—We must ascend, therefore, once more to the Good, which every soul desires. If anyone has beheld It, he will know what I say, and in what manner It is beautiful, for it is as good that It is desired, and all appetency is towards goodness. But the attainment of the Good is for those who mount upward to the heights, set their faces towards them, and strip off the garments with which we clothed ourselves as we descended hither. Just as those who penetrate into the innermost sanctuaries of the mysteries, after being first purified and divesting themselves of their garments, go forward naked, so must the soul continue, until anyone, passing in his ascent beyond all that is separative from God, by himself alone contemplates God alone, perfect, simple, and pure, from Whom all things depend, to Whom all beings look, and in Whom they are, and live, and know. For He is the cause of Being, Life, and Intelligence. If, then, anyone beheld Him, with what love would he be inspired, with what

desire would he burn, in his eagerness to be united with Him! With what bliss would he be overcome! He that has not yet beheld Him may desire Him as Good, but, to him that has, it is given to love Him as Beauty, to be filled with wonder and delight, to be overwhelmed yet unharmed, to love with true love and keen desire, to laugh at other loves, and to despise the things he formerly thought beautiful. Of such a nature is the experience of those who have beheld visions of Gods or angels—no more do they seek aught of the beauty of other bodies. What, then, shall we think of one who beheld The Beautiful Itself and by Itself, pure and untouched by flesh or body, existing neither in earth nor in heaven, because of its very purity. For all these are contingent things and mixed, nor are they primary but proceed from It. If, therefore, he beheld That which provides for all things, which, remaining in Itself, gives to all and receives nothing into Itself, and if, remaining in the contemplation of This and tasting of its bliss, he should be assumed into Its likeness, of what other beauty would he then have need? For This, since it is Beauty Itself and the First Beauty, makes those who love It beautiful and beloved. And this is the greatest and ultimate task which lies before the soul, for the sake of which all her toils are undertaken—not to be left without portion in that most sublime vision, to obtain which is to be blessed by the vision of blessedness, but not to obtain it is wretchedness. For not he that has no share of beautiful colours or bodies, or of power or dominion or kingship, is unfortunate; but he that lacks this one thing alone, for the sake of which it were well to let go the possession and kingship and rule of the whole earth and of the sea, aye, and of the heaven itself, if a man, by leaving behind all these and looking beyond them, might be converted to This and behold It.

VIII.—What, then, is the way? What are the means? How shall a man behold this ineffable Beauty which remains within, deep in its holy sanctuaries, and proceeds not without where the profane may view it. He that is able, let him arise and follow into this inner sanctuary, nor look back towards those bodily splendours which he formerly admired. For when we behold the beauties of body we must not hurl ourselves at them, but know them for images, vestiges, and

shadows, and flee to That of which they are reflections. For if a man rushes towards them, seeking to grasp them for Beauty Itself, then it will be as though he should desire to grasp a beautiful image mirrored in water, and, like him of whom the myth tells, should sink beneath the surface of the stream and disappear. In like manner, he that reaches out after corporeal beauties, and will not let them go, will plunge not his body but his soul into gloomy depths abhorred by intellect, will remain blind in Hades, and both here and hereafter will have converse only with shadows.

How truly might someone exhort us—"Let us, then, fly to our dear country." What therefore is this flight, and how shall we escape, like Odysseus in the story, from the enchantments of Circe and Calypso? There it tells symbolically how he remained unsatisfied although pleasant spectacles met his eyes and he was surrounded with all the beauty of sense. Our fatherland is that country whence we came, and there our Father dwells. What, then, are the means for our escape thither? Our feet will not take us there, for all they can do is to carry us from one part of the earth to another. Nor will it avail to make ready horses for a chariot or ships on the sea: all these things we must let go. We must not even look, but with our eyes all but closed we must exchange our earthly vision for another, and awaken that, a vision which all possess but few use.

IX.—What, then, does this interior vision see? When it is but lately awakened it cannot behold splendours too dazzling. The soul, therefore, must be accustomed first of all to contemplate beautiful pursuits, and next beautiful works, not those which are executed by craftsmen but those which are done by good men. After this, contemplate the souls of those who are the authors of such beautiful actions. How, then, may you behold the beauty of a virtuous soul? Withdraw into yourself and look; and if you do not yet behold yourself beautiful, do as does the maker of a statue which is to be beautiful; for he cuts away, shaves down, smooths and cleans it, until he has made manifest in the statue the beauty of the face which he portrays. So with yourself. Cut away that which is superfluous, straighten that which is crooked, purify that which is obscure: labour to make all bright, and never cease to fashion your statue until there shall shine out

upon you the god-like splendour of virtue, until you behold temperance established in purity in her holy shrine. If you have become this, and have beheld it, and dwell within yourself in purity, and there is now nothing which prevents you from thus becoming one, when you have nothing foreign mingled with your interior nature, but your whole self is true light and light alone, not measured by size nor circumscribed by the limitation of any figure, not to be increased in magnitude because unbounded, but totally immeasurable, greater than all measure and mightier than every quantity—if you behold yourself grown to this, having now become vision itself, take courage and ascend yet higher, for now you need a guide no more. Gaze intently and see! This eye alone beholds that mighty beauty. But if it approach the vision bleared by vices, unpurified, or weak through cowardice, so that it cannot bear to gaze upon such glory, then it sees nothing, even though another should be at hand to point out that which all may see. For he that beholds must be akin to that which he beholds, and must, before he comes to this vision, be transformed into its likeness. Never could the eye have looked upon the sun had it not become sun-like, and never can the soul see Beauty unless she has become beautiful. Let each man first become god-like and each man beautiful, if he would behold Beauty and God. For he will first arrive in his ascent at the region of Intellect and there he will know all the beauties of form, and will say that this is the beauty of Ideas, for all things are beautiful through these, the offspring and essence of Intellect. But that which is beyond Intellect we call the nature of the Good, from which the Beautiful radiates on every side, so that in common speech it is called the First Beauty. But if we distinguish between the Intelligibles, we may say that intelligible Beauty belongs to the world of Ideas, but that the Good which is beyond these is the fountain and principle of the Beautiful. Or the Good and the First Beauty may be considered under one principle, apart from the beauty of the world of Ideas.

—*Translated by the Editors of The Shrine of Wisdom.*

THE MUSIC OF WORSHIP

III. THE ESSENTIALS OF THE MUSIC OF WORSHIP*

Music, as one of the Expressive Arts, depends primarily upon the Science of Beauty—Kalology—which treats of the nature and kinds of beauty, from the merely pretty to the very highest sublimity.

Beauty itself can be approached but never exhausted.

Every Expressive Art is but as an avenue leading towards It.

The higher the beauty, the deeper the mystery surrounding it and the more indefinable is it to the mind yet the more potently felt. The Idea of Beauty is greater than the work of art which typifies it. But above and beyond the Idea of Beauty is the Absolute Imperishable Beauty of Beauties—the BEAUTIFUL Itself.

Every work of art constitutes the union of a thought or idea subsisting in the mind of the artist with some particular material suited to its expression.

If either the thought or form, or the material preponderates unduly in the finished work, the production is unbeautiful; when for instance, on the one hand, the subject of a musical composition is distorted by excessive elaboration, or on the other hand, when the idea is lost or obscured through the extreme sentimentality or appeal to the senses of the music employed, which may be due either to a multiplication of instruments or to excessive attention being paid to sound as such.

Hence an indispensable element of beauty is perfect balance resulting from a certain right proportion. Thus, inasmuch as music is the art of the expression of thought or ideas by means of the right succession of sounds, it is the very embodiment of law, order, and rhythm.

Therefore, the musical art depends also upon numerology or the science of pure Mathematics.

There are three classes of numbers—Mathematical—Ideal—and Divine Numbers.

Mathematical numbers represent concrete qualities and quantities. Without a numerical presentation of some description, the characteristics of substance such as are expressed by its colour, sound, etc., would be meaningless.

*For previous articles see Nos. 34 and 35.

The inner ideas behind substances—the abstract qualities and quantities, are symbolized by Ideal Numbers; while the Divine Numbers symbolize the attributes of the Infinitely Beautiful ONE.

Since all intervals, rhythms, harmonies, etc., can be expressed mathematically, it is essential that the principles of numerical symbology should be understood by the musician, so that the actual music may correspond to the Ideas of the Ideal World and to the Divine Numbers. Yet it is maintained that neither music nor any of the arts can be attained by rule. Thus the “Musici”—or followers of Aristoxenus far outnumber the “Canonici”—the followers of the Pythagorean system; it is still maintained that *sense* rather than *reason* should furnish the principles of the musical science and the criterion by which to judge the productions of its art. But the sphere of music is not limited to the world of sense and materiality or to the phantasmal; still less is it merely the “language of the emotions.” That which is pleasing to the ear is not necessarily the final criterion in music, neither is that which is expressive only of emotions capable of revealing man’s highest conceptions.

Every expression tends to produce that of which it is the expression. The more perfect any being is, the more perfectly it expresses itself.

The dignity of a work of art corresponds to the dignity of the artist. The greatest genius is likewise a great seer. A recognition of the Sublimely Beautiful implies a corresponding likeness in the beholder.

Every work of art is higher and more beautiful in proportion—(1) to the adequacy of the material used; (2) to the degree in which the idea dominates the matter employed; (3) to the perfection of the idea or thought in the mind of the artist; (4) to the degree in which the work fulfils the end in view, and (5) to the dignity of the end itself.

Thus, imperfection in a musical work is the result of one or more of the following five causes—(1) defective material (sounds); (2) predominance of the material (or sounds); (3) inferiority of the thought or idea dominating the composition; (4) failure in completely carrying out of purpose (or in completely expressing the thought or idea); and (5) error in purpose.

Inasmuch as the artist is likewise in the process of perfection, his life also must be governed by the same laws of harmony and right proportion that result in the perfect production of a work of art. The five causes of imperfection thereby apply correspondingly to the artist.

The five indispensable elements of perfection have also an analogous relationship to his five faculties which are likewise in need of perfection—the pragmatic faculty—the aesthetic faculty—the moral faculty—the illative faculty and the mystical faculty.

The perfection of his whole nature does not only result in his own attainment but is also *the* means whereby he can reveal the perfect circle of art when the production in every part mirrors his idea of beauty as a perfect unity. Thus, his art will possess and manifest (1) just the degree of utility required to be ideally practical; (2) a corresponding expression of the Ideal; (3) a dominating ordinative power; (4) a true interpretation of the Ideal and (5) that which elevates to a participation in the Ideal Itself.

When the musician accomplishes the perfection of his art, then he may be of invaluable benefit to his fellow men and, like Pythagoras of old, may assist souls by means of his art, in their great ascent, by restoring bodily health to the sick, restraining the passions and enkindling right emotions, by ordinating the mode of life, revealing true ideals, and at length elevating the soul to union with the Divine Source of all its powers—the Infinitely Beautiful ONE.

JEWELS

Self-Realization

What is essential in self-realization is the going out of self, as the word is ordinarily used, while remaining true to self in the deeper sense of the word, into the larger life of the world within us, and into the lives, both individual and collective, of our fellow men. This is the task which the quest of the real self sets us. This is the great adventure which gives a meaning and purpose to life.

—Edmond Holmes

* * *

Via Media

One is tempted to wonder whether Greece may not perhaps have represented the perfect equipoise of East and West, containing both elements in her intellectual as well as her artistic life, an equipoise of which the world in our day stands in great need, but which it may take us some time to find.

—J. B. Carter

THE HUMAN SOUL IN THE MYTHS OF PLATO

V. THE ASCENT OF THE SOUL*

OF the Four Inspirations which contribute to the perfection and restoration of the Soul, the Inspiration of Love is the highest. In the *Symposium* and the *Phaedrus* Plato reveals many profound truths about Love, and the benefits which the Soul receives from it. And since, in order to understand the effect of the Inspiration of Love, it is necessary to know first what Love is, the conceptions of Plato which these two dialogues contain must be set forth.

In the *Symposium* the guests present at Agathon's banquet give in turn discourses about Love. Phaedrus, who begins, treats the subject generally and romantically; Pausanias, a politician, distinguishes between the love of the mind and that of the body as symbolized by the Heavenly and the Earthly Aphrodite. Eryximachus, a physician, speaks of love as the universal principle in nature which attracts and unites. He distinguishes between healthy and diseased love, and deals with the necessity of harmonizing the rational and irrational desires of the soul. Aristophanes, the comic poet, who has been prevented from speaking earlier by an attack of hiccoughs, speaks next, and in a manner worthy of his plays depicts love as the desire of each soul for its twin or *alter ego*. Agathon, the host, follows, speaking of love vaguely and poetically, acclaiming the softness and delicacy of Love and the beauty and virtue. Love, he says, is the teacher of all artists, and it is the duty of all men to follow him.

The speeches have not so far explained the real nature of Love, though each speaker has emphasized some particular aspect of his manifestation. Now comes the turn of Socrates. He begins by establishing several points of fundamental importance by asking Agathon a few simple questions. Is love the love of something? Agathon replies that it is. Does love desire that something? It does. Does it desire it when not possessed of it or when possessed of it? Obviously when not possessed of it. But if already possessed of the

*For previous articles of this series, see issues Nos. 32, 33, 34 and 35.

thing, it may desire to continue in possession of it? True. Therefore since Love is love for beauty, Love must be in want of beauty, and if everything good is beautiful the same must apply to goodness. Therefore, it would seem that Love is not beautiful, as Agathon has said, for he lacks beauty. Agathon is forced to admit the truth of this, and Socrates proceeds to his discourse, which, he says, he heard from the prophetess Diotima, a most wise and saintly woman of Mantinea.

“The object of Love is Beauty, its essence is desire, its aim the possession of Beauty, or if already possessed of it, the perpetuity of that possession. Love must further be the desire for the good, for whatever is beautiful is good, and so Love is the universal desire for good common to all beings intelligent and sentient. This universal love is the link between the eternal nature and the mortal, between the plenum of good and the want of it. The aim of this desire is not only to enjoy good but to immortalize that enjoyment. Desire of immortality is therefore annexed to the desire of good or the love of beauty. Even beings of a mortal nature, such as animals, seek to continue themselves and their enjoyment of good by the propagation of their species. But man, as his mind opens more and more, proceeds further, and attains the sight of that beauty which is seen only by the eye of intellect, in the temper and disposition of some fellow-mind. To this love also is annexed the desire of generating, of enriching that other mind with its own thoughts, and of raising up and nurturing between them an intellectual progeny, of generous sentiments and fair ideas. By such converse, which improves the understanding, the mind rises higher, and is enabled to behold beauty in the things which are the subjects of their conversation; first in virtuous pursuits, studies, and employments; next in the sciences and every branch of knowledge. In the embraces of these beauties the mind generates an offspring of the fairest and most durable kind; the poet, his immortal writings; the hero, through the force of his example, continual copies of his virtue; the founder of states, through his institutions, a long succession of patriot actions; and the legislator, wise and beneficent laws to bless the latest posterity.

But if the soul be endowed with a genius of the highest kind, she rests not here, nor fixes her attachment on any one of

these mental excellences or beauties in particular: the genuine lover of truth rises from these to the survey of that universal, original, and exemplar beauty from which everything beautiful, both in the intelligible and sensible world, proceeds. The love and pursuit of this supreme beauty Plato calls philosophy; and to the embraces and enjoyment of it, and to no other cause, does he here ascribe the generation and the growth of true virtue."

—From Thomas Taylor's *Introduction to the Symposium*.

Love, therefore, has a middle nature, for it subsists between the First Beauty and the natures which are desirous of uniting themselves to It.

Love, says Proclus, is neither to be placed in the first nor among the last of beings. Not in the first, because the object of Love is superior to Love; nor yet in the last, because the lover participates of Love.

"Every amatory order is the cause to all things of a conversion to divine Beauty, leading back, conjoining and establishing all secondary natures in the beautiful, replenishing them from hence, and irradiating all things with the gifts of its light. On this account it is asserted in the *Symposium* that Love is a great daemon, because Love first demonstrates in itself a power of this kind, and is the medium between the object of desire and the desiring nature, and is the cause of the conversion of subsequent to prior natures.

After the unific and first principle of Love, and after the tripartite essence perfected from thence, a various multitude of Loves shines forth with divine light, from whence the choirs of angels are filled with Love; and the herds of daemons full of this God attend on the Gods who are recalled to intelligible Beauty. Add, too, that the army of heroes, together with daemons and angels, are agitated about the participation of the beautiful with divine bacchanalian fury. Lastly, all things are excited, revive and flourish, through the influx of the beautiful. But the souls of such men as receive an inspiration of this kind, and are naturally allied to the Gods, assiduously move about Beauty, and descend into the realms of generation for the purpose of benefiting more imperfect souls and providing for those natures which require to be saved. And some indeed benefit more imperfect souls by prophecy, others by mystic ceremonies, and

others by divine medicinal skill: so likewise souls that choose an amatory life are moved about the deity who presides over beautiful natures for the purpose of taking care of noble souls. But from apparent beauty they are led back to divine Beauty, and together with themselves elevate those who are the objects of their love."

—*Proclus on the First Alcibiades*

Love therefore is the "fire-laden bond" which connects all things, and gives to the soul the wings by which she may mount to the contemplation of the Beautiful and thereby attain to union with the Good.

In the *Phaedrus* Plato describes the effect of beauty upon the soul while dwelling in the physical world.

After speaking of the soul's pristine vision of Reality, which she beheld before her descent to earth, Socrates continues:

"But Beauty, as we said, was with those realities and there shone; and when we came hither we found her gleaming most clearly through the clearest of our senses; for of our bodily senses the keenest is sight, yet even by this Wisdom is not beheld. Mighty indeed would be that love which Wisdom would inspire did she put before us any such visible image of herself—and so also with the other objects of love. But here this visibility is allotted to Beauty alone, so that she is most manifest and most beloved.

He, therefore, that is not lately initiated or who has become corrupted, when he beholds that which we call beauty here, is not swiftly transported from this world to Beauty Itself which is yonder, so that he reverences not that which he beholds, but giving himself up to pleasure he endeavours to approach it and beget offspring upon it after the manner of a four-footed beast, and fears not to associate with wantonness, nor is ashamed at pursuing pleasure contrary to nature. But he who has been recently initiated, and who formerly beheld much of That Which Is, when he beholds some god-like face or some bodily form that is truly an image of Beauty, at first he shudders, and something of the awe which he felt in the presence of those former things comes over him, but then, as he gazes, he reverences it as a god, and were it not for the fear of being thought completely insane he would sacrifice to his beloved as to a statue and to a god.

And when he has beheld it a change naturally follows his shuddering and a sweating and a strange heat take hold

of him. For as he receives the effluxion of beauty through his eyes he is warmed, so that the nature of his wings is watered, and by the warmth which he receives, the parts where the wings grow are softened, which before were tightly closed because of their hardness, and hindered the wings from sprouting. But as the stream of nourishment flows in, the quill of the wing thrusts outward and begins to grow from its root throughout the whole form of the soul. For originally the whole soul was winged.

Then therefore does the whole soul boil and bubble, and as it happens to those who are teething, when their teeth have lately begun to grow, that there is an itching and distress in their gums, even so it happens to the soul of one who is beginning to put forth wings, for his soul boils and is in distress, and itches as they grow.

But when the soul looks upon the beauty of her beloved, and receives the stream of particles which comes flowing thence—and which is for this reason called ‘desire’—she is refreshed and made warm and ceases from her pain and rejoices. . . .

Now this affection, fair boy, to whom this discourse of mine has been addressed, is called by men Love, but when you hear what the Gods call it perhaps, being young, you may laugh. But I think that certain of the Homeric writers speak of two verses upon Love from their secret poems, one of which is somewhat presumptuous and not unexceptionable in its metre. But they celebrate him thus:

Men call him Eros—ever on the wing

Gods call him Pteros—causing wings to spring.

In these it is permitted to believe or not to believe as you will. This, however, is the cause and the condition of those who are in love.”

Socrates goes on to describe how different kinds of men are affected when they fall in love, and the types of moral beauty which they severally admire, and how each true lover tries to make the object of his love more perfect still, “not acting with jealousy or illiberal harshness towards the objects of their love but doing all in their power to bring them to a perfect likeness to themselves and to the God whom they adore.”

He then returns to the simile in which he likened the soul to a charioteer driving a pair of horses, and describes at

length the characteristics of these. The one has every good quality which a horse should have, while the other is in every respect opposite.

When the charioteer comes in to the presence of the beloved one the better horse is docile to the command of his master but the other horse attempts to take the bit between his teeth and rush onwards to the gratification of sensual passion.

"But when the charioteer beholds the beloved one his memory is carried back to the nature of Absolute Beauty and again he sees her, established with Temperance upon her holy pedestal. And beholding he is struck with awe and falls back in reverence and thus, as he does so, he is compelled to pull back the reins with such violence that he brings both the horses down upon their haunches, the one willingly, for he offers no resistance, but the rebellious one much against his will."

The better horse, as has been explained previously, symbolizes the rational nature of the soul, while the worse horse stands for the irrational nature. This, too, is susceptible to beauty but in an animal fashion, desiring to enjoy it physically and to gain the beautiful object as its own exclusive possession.

But the True Lover, that is, the soul whose charioteer has both his horses under control, loves with a more universal and spiritual love, seeking to give to his beloved rather than to receive. Hence it is, as Plato says, that the desire and the initiation of those that truly love is a fair and blessed gift bestowed by the friend whom Love has inspired upon the beloved one whom he has chosen.

Socrates goes on to describe the three kinds of love which the soul may experience. There is first of the highest kind, that which loves physical beauty both for itself, since all beauty is venerable, and especially because it is a symbol and an image of intelligible beauty. Those who love thus live the best life of the soul, for they are temperate and self-controlled.

If then the better nature of the mind prevails and leads them to a well-ordered way of life and to philosophy, they pass their life here in happiness and harmony, for they are masters of themselves and are ordinate, and have enslaved that by which vice enters the soul, but set free that by which

virtue arises. And these at the end of their life become winged and light, for they have been victorious in one of the three truly Olympic contests, a greater good than which neither human prudence nor divine inspiration can bestow on men.

These contests, says Thomas Taylor, are denominated Olympic, not from the mountain Olympus, but from Olympus, Heaven. But he who philosophizes truly becomes the victor in three contests. In the first place, he subjects all the inferior powers of his soul to intellect (or spirit); in the second place, he obtains wisdom, in conjunction with divine inspiration; and in the third place, he recovers his wings. But if any one, through the generosity of his nature, happens to be more propense to love, and yet has not been from the beginning philosophically and morally educated, and hence, after he has been ensnared by love, gives way perhaps to desire; such a one, in consequence of a lapse of this kind, cannot recover his wings entire, yet on account of the wonderful anagogic power of love, he will be prepared for their recovery.

The second kind is love of a less spiritual and philosophic nature than the first, for it is love into which more of the outer nature and less of the soul enters, so that such lovers may in an unguarded moment be overcome by unlawful passion. But even these are benefited by this love, for although they must depart at length without wings, yet because of their love they shall never pass again along "the road beneath the earth," but shall journey on together in their ascent and shall together at length become winged.

Last is that which is not true love. "The familiarity of one who is not in love, a familiarity mingled with mortal prudence, dispensing mortal and sparing gifts, and breeding in the beloved soul a niggardliness praised by the multitude as virtue, will cause her to be swirled about the earth for nine thousand years and leave her, devoid of the light of intelligence, in the world below."

It must not be thought that Plato despises physical beauty or the passion which it inspires. The desire through which man as a physical being perpetuates his species is natural, beautiful, and holy. But true love, in man, is of a nature far higher than this. It is rooted not in the senses, nor in the emotional nature, but in the personal will, by

which all the lower principles must be controlled and directed. Thus the true lover is he who loves the soul rather than the body of his beloved and expresses his love in devoted service by making offering to his beloved of imperishable gifts, the means by which both lover and loved one may unfold their wings.

This profound truth, concerning the spiritual and eternal offspring which may be begotten by the highest kind of love has been recognized by great poets throughout all the ages, and the progress of mankind has been assisted and glorified by the mighty works of genius which the divine beauty of the spiritual world expressed and reflected by some human soul has inspired in the great creative artists of the world. Throughout the literature of the Romantic movement, in Dante's *Divine Comedy*, in the works of Plato himself, it is upon the altar of Love that the most resplendent garlands are laid.

Since therefore every artist is a lover, and since the highest of all arts and that for which all others exist is the Art of the Perfect Life by which the soul is restored and enabled to ascend to Reality and to God, he that loves the souls of his fellow-men and leads them, by whatever path, by his paintings, his music, his laws, his discourse, or his philosophy along the way that leads to the heights will be the greatest artist, for he will both himself attain to initiation into the most perfect mysteries and will confer a like bliss upon those he loves.

For thus in the *Symposium* does Diotima unfold to Socrates the final heights of the Path of Love.

“For whosoever hath been led by his teacher so far in the Mysteries of Love, beholding beautiful things rightly and in the right order, and is now approaching perfection in these Mysteries, shall behold suddenly a thing of most marvellous beauty—That Thing indeed for the sake of which all his former labours were undertaken. This Beauty, moreover, is first of all eternal, unborn, and undying; it waxeth not nor waneth. And next it is not beautiful on this side, but ugly on that, nor is it beautiful at one time but not at another, nor beautiful in one relation but ugly in another, nor in some places and to some persons beautiful, but elsewhere and to others ugly. Nor again can its beauty even be imagined as some face or hands or aught in which

body hath part, nor is it a certain reason or a certain science. Nor doth it dwell in any other being, neither in any living thing, nor in earth nor in heaven, nor in that which is beside, but Itself, of Itself, simple, uniform, and alone, eternally IS. All other things which are beautiful participate in some way in This; but in such a way that while all other things are born and pass away This is neither increased nor diminished by their changings nor Itself suffereth change. And whosoever, ascending from these outer beauties by the right ways of love, beginneth to behold That Beauty, he indeed hath all but reached somewhat of his goal.

For to go on, or to be led by another, rightly in the way of the mysteries of Love is this—to begin from these lower beauties and continually mount upwards from them for the sake of that Beauty Itself, and by using them as steps in your ascent to go from one to two, and from two to all beautiful bodies, and from beautiful bodies to beautiful pursuits, and from beautiful pursuits to beautiful sciences, and from these sciences to attain to that Science which is no other than that of The Beautiful Itself, and so at last to know what Beauty is.

In this region, dear Socrates, said the stranger prophetess, if anywhere, should a man pass his life—in the contemplation of Beauty Itself.”

PRAYERS OF THE MYSTICS

O God, Who hast commanded that no man should be idle, give us grace to employ all our talents and faculties in the service appointed for us; that, whatsoever our hand findeth to do, we may do it with our might. Cheerfully may we go on in the road which Thou hast marked out, not desiring too earnestly that it should be either more smooth or more wide; but, daily seeking our way by Thy light, may we trust ourselves and the issue of our journey, to Thee the Fountain of Joy, and sing songs of praise as we go along.

—*Martineau's Common Prayer*

* * *

Most great and glorious God, be graciously pleased, I most humbly beseech Thee, to make the stream of my will perpetually to flow a cheerful and impetuous course, bearing down pleasure, interest, afflictions, death, and all other obstacles and impediments whatsoever, before it, till it plunge itself joyfully into the unfathomable ocean of Thy Divine Will.

—*Charles How*

BARDIC WISDOM

THE WISDOM OF CATTWG THE WISE

St. Cattwg, or Cattwg the Wise, was the son of Gwynlliw, and flourished in the sixth century A.D. It is recorded that he founded a college of saints and learned men at Lllancarvan in Glamorganshire, and was himself head of it. He was kinsman to St. Illtyd, a knight of King Arthur and founder of seven churches, and was the teacher of Taliesin, Chief of Bards.

APHORISMS

Nothing is godliness, but compassion towards all life and existence:

Nothing is wisdom, but a refraining from worldliness:

Nothing is a blessing, but reason and health:

Nothing is love, but equity:

Nothing is equity, but what may be willed to be had by another:

Nothing is a truth, but what is known without hearing it from another:

Nothing is a falsehood, but what one's self knows it cannot be true:

Nothing is a delight, but a conscience void of guilt:

No one is wise, but he who knows how to be sufficient to himself from himself:

Nothing is generosity but the enduring of every hardship for the good of another:

Nothing is happiness, but rationality:

Nothing is rationality, but godliness:

Nothing is godliness, but compassion towards all life and existence.

THE NULLITIES OF CATTWG

Without a teacher, without instruction;

Without instruction, without knowledge;

Without knowledge, without wisdom;

Without wisdom, without piety;

Without piety, without God;

Without God, without everything.

ON ACTIVE AND CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE

Extracts from Walter Hylton's "Treatise on Mixed Life."

Walter Hylton, Canon and Prior of Thurgarton in Nottinghamshire, was an English mystic of the fourteenth century. His best known work is "The Scale of Perfection" in which traces of the influence of the mystical writings of Richard Rolle and of Dionysius the Areopagite are to be found.

The extracts here given are from another work, originally entitled a "Treatise on Mixed Life," and afterwards described as the "Epistle to a devout man in temporal estate." It takes the form of a letter written to a nobleman who, it seems, was desirous of retiring from the world and its activities and embracing a contemplative life.

The main burthen of the epistle is that the duties and exterior activities incidental to a life in the world may be made into helps towards mystical progress no less than the interior activities of prayer and contemplation.

The first step is always the proper discharge of the duties incidental to one's state in life, but if these duties are performed as offerings to God they are as acceptable to Him as prayers and contemplation.

The extracts are here rendered from the middle English in which the work was originally written, and in some cases modern words have been substituted, in order to make the meaning clear; but the early grammatical style has not been changed.

Who God Desires Needeth to be Ruled by Discretion

I know well the desire of thine heart, that thou covetest greatly to serve our Lord by ghostly (i.e., spiritual) occupation all wholly without hindering or troubling of worldly business: that thou might by grace come to more knowing and ghostly feeling of God and of spiritual things. This desire is good as I hope, and of God, for it is charity, specially set in to Him. Nevertheless, it is needful to refrain and to rule it by discretion as against outward doing, after the state that thou art in, for charity unruled turneth sometimes to vice.—*Chapter I.*

That the Life of Mary and Martha Mixed Together is According to Them that are in High Degree.

Thou shalt mix the works of active life with ghostly works of contemplative life, and then doest thou well. For thou shalt one time with Martha be busy for to rule and govern thine household, thy children, thy servants, thy neighbours, and thy tenants; if they do well, comfort them therein and help them; if they do ill, teach them to amend them, and chastise them. And thou shalt also look and know wisely that thy things and thy worldly goods be rightly kept by thy servants, governed and truly spent: that thou might the more plenteously with them fulfil the deeds of mercy to thine even (i.e., fellow-) christian.

Another time thou shalt with Mary leave the business of the world and sit down at the feet of our Lord by meekness in prayers and holy thoughts and in contemplation of Him as He giveth thee grace. And so shalt thou go from that one on to that other meedfully and fulfil both: and then keepest thou well the order of charity.—*Chapter II.*

To Whom Active Life Accordeth and to Whom Contemplative.

Thou shalt understand that there is three manners of living. One is active, another contemplative, the third is made of both and is mixed life. Active life alone belongeth to worldly men and women which are ignorant, fleshly, and unskilled in knowing of spiritual occupation.

Contemplative life alone belongeth to such men or women that for the love of God forsake all sins of the world and of their flesh, and all business, charges and governance of worldly goods, and make them poor and naked, into the bare need of the bodily kind, and flee from sovereignty of other men to the service of God.

The third life that is mixed, belongeth specially to men of holy Church, as to prelates and other curates, the which have care and sovereignty over other men for to keep and rule them, both their bodies and principally their souls, in fulfilling of the deeds of mercy bodily and ghostly.

Also it belongeth generally to some temporal men the which have sovereignty with much having of worldly goods and also have as it were a lordship over other men to govern and sustain them, as a father hath over his children, as master over his servants, and a lord over his tenants. To these also belongeth this mixed life, that is both active and contemplative.—*Chapters III and IV.*

That Men should use Mixed Life as a Man should have to him Christ and His Limbs.

Thou shalt understand that our Lord Jesu Christ as man is head of a spiritual body, the which is Holy Church. The limbs of His body are all Christian men. Some are arms, and some are feet, and some are other limbs, after divers workings that they use in here living. Then, if thou be busy with all thy might for to array His head, that is for to worship Himself by mind of His passion or of His other works in his manhood by devotion and meditation of Him, and forgettest His feet, that are thy children, thy servants, thy tenants, and all thy even-christians, and lettest them spill for default of keeping, unarrayed, unkept, and not tended to as them ought for to be; thou pleasest Him nought, thou dost no worship to Him.—*Chapter VIII.*

How by Example of Jacob and of His Two Wives Men shall Rule them right in the Mixed Life.

By Jacob in Holy Writ is understood an overgoer of sins. By these two women are understood, as St. Gregory saith, two lives in Holy Church—active life and contemplative life. Leah is as much as to say as “industrious”; and betokeneth active life:

Rachel betokeneth "sight of beginning" that is God, and betokeneth life contemplative. Leah was fruitful but her was uncomely. Rachel was barren, but her was fair and lovely. Then right as Jacob coveted Rachel for her beauty and nevertheless he had her not when he would, but first he took Leah, afterward her: right so each man, turned by the grace of compunction soothfastly from sins of the world and of the flesh to the service of God and cleanness in good living, hath great desire and great longing for to have Rachel, that is for to have rest and ghostly sweetness in devotion, and contemplation, for it is so fair and so lovely; and in hope for to have That life only, he disposeth him to serve his Lord with all his might. But oft when he went for to have had Rachel, that is rest in devotion, our Lord suffered him first to be arrayed well and travailed with Leah, that is either with great temptation of the world and of the devil, or else with other worldly business bodily or spiritual, in help of his even-christian. And when he is well travailed with them and nigh hand overcome, then our Lord giveth him Rachel, that is grace of devotion and rest in conscience; and so has he both Rachel and Leah. So shalt thou do after example of Jacob, take thee these two lives active and contemplative, since God hath sent thee both, use them both, that one and that other. By that one life that is active, thou shalt bring forth fruit of many good deeds in help of thine even-christian. And by that other thou shalt be made fair and bright and clean in sovereign brightness, that is God, beginning of all that is made.—*Chapter X.*

How the Fire of Love wasteth all sin and is a great crying in the ears of our Lord.

As bodily fire wasteth all bodily thing that may be wasted, right so spiritual fire, that is God, wasteth all manner of sin where it falleth, and therefore our Lord is likened to a fire wasting—I pray thee nourish this fire that is nought else but love and charity. This hath He sent into the earth as He saith in the Gospel "*Ignem veni mittere in terram, et quid nisi ardeat,*" that is—"I am come to send fire into the earth, and where to but that it should burn?" That is: God hath sent fire of love, that is a good desire and a great will to please Him, in to a man's soul, and to this end, that a man should know it and keep it, nourish it and strengthen it and be saved thereby. The more desire that thou hast to Him, the more is this fire of love in thee. The less that this desire is, the less is this fire. The measure of this desire how much it is, in thyself or in any other, knowest thou not, nor no man of himself, but God only that giveth it. And therefore dispose thee nought to strive with thyself as if thou would wit how much thy desire is, but be busy for to desire as much as thou may, but not to wit the measure of this desire. Saint Austin saith that the life of each good Christian man is a continual desire for God. And that is a great virtue, for it is a great crying in the ears of God; the more thou desirest, the higher thou cryest, the better thou prayest, the wiselier thou thinkest. —*Chapter XIV.*

SEED THOUGHTS

Mirrors of Divinity

Thou shouldst be a leader into the Kingdom of God, and enkindle thy brother with thy love and meekness, that he may see in thee God's essence as in a mirror, and thus in thee take hold also with his imagination. Doest thou this, then bringest thou thy soul, thy work, likewise thy neighbour or brother into God's kingdom, and enlargest the kingdom of heaven with its wonder.

—*Jacob Boehme*

* * *

Transmutation

That which in the dark world is a pang, is in the light world a pleasing delight; and what in the dark is a stinging and enmity, is in the light an uplifting joy. And that which in the dark is a fear, terror and trembling, is in the light a shout of joy, a ringing forth and singing. And that could not be, if originally there were no such fervent, austere source.

—*ibid.*

* * *

Excellence

Excellence is not common and abundant; on the contrary, as the Greek poet long ago said, excellence dwells among rocks hardly accessible, and a man must almost wear his heart out before he can reach her.

—*Matthew Arnold*

EDITORIAL

With this, our thirty-sixth number, the ninth volume of "The Shrine of Wisdom" is completed. Such an achievement is greater than might be imagined, for the work both in the editorial and the distribution departments has been performed throughout the whole history of the periodical in conditions of considerable difficulty.

We take this opportunity of thanking all those who have supported the Quarterly in the past, and we hope that their help may continue in the future. We hope that it may be possible to increase the size of the magazine before long and to publish the various new Manuals which are ready.

This, of course, depends largely upon the financial support available, and we therefore appeal once more to all our readers to support the Shrine Manual Fund.

In this number we print a new translation of Plotinus Ennead I, Book VI, "On the Beautiful." This will be published on July 1st as a Manual, in limp cover, price 1/-, post free.

Our readers will note our new address, to which all communications should now be directed.